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04x10 - The Snake in Paradise

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04x10 - The Snake in Paradise

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **07/02/04 02:20**

[Brian and Justin are in bed, kissing. Justin is straddling Brian. Looks like our sex drought is about to end. Ummmm... not so fast. As they continue to kiss, Brian has a sudden flashback to the surgery.]

Woman: Relax and count backwards from ten, Mr. Kinney.

[Brian tries to get down to the business at hand. He rolls Justin over and tears open a condom, which evokes an image of the incision. Obviously, this is not an actual memory; it's Brian's imagination, reminding him of what's no longer there. He looks down, checks the equipment, which seems to be malfunctioning. The moans of pleasure are gone; on his face is a look of intense concentration, not to mention stress and aggravation. But he's not ready to concede defeat. He applies lube. At the moment he tries to push inside Justin, he visualizes the diseased ball being sucked out of his body. Brian gives up. He slides off Justin and sits on the edge of the bed.]

Brian: Don't say anything.

Justin: Look, I'm sure it's just a temporary malfunction. It takes time for your body to heal itself and for you to regain your strength. Be patient. (Rubbing Brian's shoulder). Everything'll be up and running again in no time.

Brian: Thanks for not saying anything.

[At the Novotny-Bruckner household, life proceeds as usual. Intent on spending Mikey's newfound riches before they're earned, Hunter nags for a new wardrobe.]

Hunter: I wanna get those cool Pumas and a pair of Diesel jeans, maybe two.

Michael: Hey, whaddaya think I am, made of money?

Hunter: Like yeah! You're having a movie made.

Michael: We hope. And I didn't work my a*s off so I can put expensive jeans on yours!

Hunter: Ben. I wanna get a couple pairs of Diesel jeans.

Ben: Pull up your pants. I can see your shorts!

Hunter: That's the f*ck' point!

Michael: We're taking Hunter to buy some new clothes.

Hunter: And have pizza and go to a movie.

Michael: Not a Brett Keller movie. So - tomorrow night? The mall? The three of us?

Ben: Sure, fine. (His cell rings) Must be Mark. He has the flu; he asked me to cover his class. (Talks into the phone) Hello? Hey! Uh-huh. Sure. Uh, breakfast, lunch, whatever. Yeah, see you then.

Michael: For somebody who's laid up with the flu, he has a pretty healthy appetite.

Ben: Oh yeah, that wasn't Mark, that was Anthony from the library. Remember I told you about him?

Michael: Yeah, how could I forget? He only calls you every hour!

Ben: That's not true.

Hunter: Maybe he has a crush on you!

Ben: That's not true, either. He's just a nice kid who wants to be a writer. We get together and discuss books. That's ALL. So - tomorrow night, pizza, movie and Diesel jeans.

Hunter: Tight!

B: (eyeing Hunter's ghetto-fabulous baggy jeans) Yeah. Loose.

[Emmett and Drew making the beast with two backs in a motel room.]

Emmett: Touchdown!

[He rolls off Emmett and goes into the bathroom to towel off.]

Emmett: My, how the boy can score!

Drew: I got a good kicker.

Emmett: I'll say.

Drew: That's a quarterback's secret weapon.

Emmett: Speaking of secrets, does your fiancee know?

Drew: Know what?

Emmett: That you're -

Drew: That I'm - ?

Emmett: Do I really have to say it? That you're - the "H" word.

Drew: Hard-bodied? Hot? Hung? Yeah, she knows all that.

Emmett: I meant h*m*? g*y? q*eer?

Drew: I'm not a f*g!

Emmett: Did I use that word?

Drew: A f*g's a sissy, a girl, a p*nsy. You think I'm that?

Emmett: Hardly!

Drew: A f*g can't even throw a ball. You know how far I can throw?

Emmett: I reckon a country mile.

Drew: I'm a hero to millions. Name one f*g who's a hero. Name one f*g who gets a call from the President saying, "Great game!" Name one f*g that's f*cked every Dallas cheerleader - and I don't even play for Dallas. Name one f*g who every kid wants to grow up to be.

Emmett: Harvey Fierstein?

Drew: (laughs) So why would anyone think I was a f*g?

Emmett: Maybe cause you had your d*ck up my a*s?

Drew: So I like to f*ck guys. It doesn't mean that I love them, or want to kiss them or even know them. It's just for fun, to get off. No one's to ever hear about this. Understand?

Emmett: Who'd believe me if I told them?

[At the gallery, Auerbach is being interviewed by a perky girl reporter about his show which is opening tomorrow. Girl reporter is flirting with Sam. He flirts back. Lindsay looks on, plainly jealous.]

Reporter: Tomorrow your exhibition opens here. Tell me, Mr.Auerbach, why did you use Pittsburgh?

Sam: Well, I didn't know a g*dd*mn reason to come here, either will be.

Reporter: I think that's all we need. This was great. Thank you.

Sam: [kisses her hand] Anytime, honey.

Sam: How was I?

Lindsay: OK, I guess. I wasn't really listening. I was working.

Sam: Glad I didn't distract you.

Lindsay: Not hard.

Sam: You know, I have a strange feeling that I'm being ignored. Strange because I mean, let's face it, I'm not used to being ignored. In fact, I think the last time it happened I was 14, Susan Schroeder was her name. She ditched me at a Tastee-Freez for a guy with a triple scoop. Broke my heart.

Lindsay: Well, you needn't worry. I haven't been to a Tastee-Freez in years. So why don't you go over and flirt with that nice girl reporter and leave me to my work?

[Brian is back in the saddle again - at Kinnetik, at least.]

Brian: (phone rings) Harvey! When have I ever let you down? Name one time! OK, name a second. Hold on. Mr. DeCarlo, sorry to keep you. Right on schedule. Looks great. When? Hold on. (Talks into intercom) Tell Jacob that if the art for Dandy Lube isn't on my desk by 9 a.m. Friday, he'll be teaching remedial finger-painting to kindergartners. (Back to phone) Mr. DeCarlo? How does 10 a.m. Friday sound? (Back to Harvey) Harvey, did you think of a second? See, I told you! Stop worrying, I'll get you the back cover!

[Ted walks in just as Brian is hanging up.]

Ted: Jeez, with an act like that you should be in Vegas, making tigers vanish into thin air!

Brian: Throw me a bone, I'm trying to juggle 15 ba*ls at once!

[Ted throws Brian a look.]

Brian: No remarks. That's a nice suit!

Ted: Worked wonders on Son of Dandy Lube.

Brian: You know, I like your new-found self-confidence, Theodore. Far preferable to your former lack thereof.

Ted: So what's my next assignment, Jim?

Cynthia: Congrats! Brown Athletics is committing a cool mil to snag a model for their new underwear line.

Ted: Well, as luck would have it, I'm available!

Cynthia: Unfortunately, they're looking for someone with a higher profile.

Brian: Not to mention a bigger basket!

Cynthia: They want a famous sports figure.

Ted: I happen to be Pittsburgh's 1986 junior class ping-pong champion! (A beat) Well, runner up.

Brian: So at what hour of the day or night am I supposed to conduct this star search?

Ted: I'll do it for you, Bri!

Brian: You?

Ted: Yeah! I landed Dandy Lube, didn't I? Look, I'll talk to some agents, a few managers, see who's interested and put together a short list. Final draft choice, of course is yours!

Brian: That sounds perfect, except for one itty-bitty detail. You don't know a f*cking thing about sports.

Ted: But I know about sex, what looks good in a pair of shorts. After all, I am a g*y man and sex is our national pastime.

[Justin and Michael.]

Michael: These drawings of Rage and JT are hot. Why can't we ever see Zephyr in a f*ck-fest with some great-looking guy?

Justin: Because nobody buys our comics to see Zephyr get laid.

Michael: That is so not true! Just because you don't want to see it -

Justin: It's not that I don't want to see it. It's that I can't imagine it!

Michael: Well, I can. When he and his hunky boyfriend, the world-famous paleontologist, Professor Ken Kirschner, get it on, they really rattle the old dinosaur bones! Except ever since the scientific community rejected the Professor's latest research findings, they haven't felt much like doing it.

Justin: I know what that's like. JT hasn't gotten a rise out of Rage since Ice Tina zapped him with her radiation g*n.

Michael: You mean -

Justin: Not since the operation.

Michael: I thought the doctor said that -

Justin: Nothing would be affected? Something sure as hell isn't working.

Michael: Maybe he just needs some Viagra.

Justin: You try telling him that!

Michael: Okay! So how about we take a little trip to Chinatown?

Justin: I already ate.

Michael: I meant to see Master Ni.

Justin: Who's he?

Michael: He's this herbalist Ben sees. He says he's a miracle worker. He gave him this stuff that actually helped lower his viral load.

Justin: C'mon, you don't actually believe that!

Michael: Chinese medicine has been working for thousands of years, who am I to doubt it? Besides, if he can help lower Ben's count, maybe he'll be able to raise -

Justin: The Titanic?

[Ben and Anthony are strolling along what passes for the Carnegie Mellon campus.]

Ben: Give them an assignment to critique one of Tennessee Williams' plays and what do they do? They

rip them to shreds like a pack of jackals!

Anthony: Oh, you know how some q*eers are. They're not content to criticize. They have to seek and destroy.

Ben: All I know is, it's a lot harder to create something than it is to tear it apart.

Anthony: Like your book! That must have been like giving birth.

Ben: Most people have no idea.

Anthony: I do. Every sentence I write - or try to - is agony. I don't know why I do it.

Ben: Probably for the same reason I do. You have no choice. If you ever want me to read anything, a story, chapter, sentence, just ask. I promise to be gentle.

Anthony: I'm sure you would be. So what do you think about Edmund White?

Ben: His essays and articles on being positive influenced me tremendously. But I particularly love his autobiographical fiction. In fact, "A Boy's Own Story" influenced me to write "Are You One"

Anthony: Then how about coming with me to his lecture tomorrow night? I've got an extra ticket.

Ben: I would love to, but I already made plans with my partner and our foster son.

Anthony: That takes priority. But in case something changes, I'll save you the seat.

Ben: OK.

[l*sbian sex. Mel blowing Lindsay. But she look bored]

Lindsay: Honey, that feels wonderful. But do you mind if...

Mel: What?

[Lindsay take a dildo from the table.]

Lindsay: If we used this?

Mel: We're haven't used this since many years.

Lindsay: It's just I don't feel in the mood for this. But if you don't want to...

Mel: No, no, it's what you want. Just give it a try.

[Mel turns on the dildo.]

[Deb's done with her shift for the night. She brushes right past Brian, who's at the register, paying for his take-out order.]

Waitress: Here you go.

Brian: Thanks.

Waitress: Take it easy, Deb'!

Debbie: Yeah, you too, Betty honey. See yo.

[Brian follows her outside, he catches up.]

Brian: In case you didn't notice, I was in the diner.

Debbie: I noticed.

Brian: Walk you home?

Debbie: No, that's OK.

Brian: It's late.

Debbie: I've been doin' it on my own for 20 years. I can take care of myself.

Brian: And you've got a right hook to prove it.

[He rubs his jaw. Deb's attitude softens, but only slightly.]

Debbie: You're working late?

Brian: Just gotta get the job done.

Debbie: Used to be the only reason you'd stay up was because it was still up.

Brian: A lot of things used to be.

Debbie: You're telling me.

Brian: I shouldn't have said what I did. About Vic.

Debbie: You're damn straight you shouldn't have! Not that you were wrong. He was lucky he got those extra years. But it's the way you said it, just tossing it off like it didn't mean a thing! Like his whole f*cking life didn't mean a thing!

Brian: I can see your point.

Debbie: Yeah? So why didn't you see it then?

Brian: Maybe because I didn't know I had cancer then.

Debbie: What?

Brian: You gonna make me say it twice?

Debbie: I just wanted to be sure that I heard -

Brian: You heard it.

Debbie: sh*t! Are you - ?

Brian: All right? They think. But - who the hell knows?

Debbie: Well then, what the f*ck you doing out at two in the morning? You should be home, getting your rest, honey!

Brian: I can't sleep, keep having these dreams.

Debbie: Well, force yourself. And make sure you eat. You hear me? You gotta keep your strength up.

Brian: Yes, mother.

[She buttons his coat. Even superheroes need a little nurturing sometimes.]

Debbie: Does she know?

Brian: (shakes head). So far, just Michael and Justin. And - Theodore.

Debbie: And nobody told me?

Brian: I'm telling you.

Debbie: How come?

Brian: So that you'll forgive me and take pity on me.

Debbie: Son-of-a-b*tch. (She stands on tiptoe and hugs him.)You gonna be OK, you hear me?]

[Lindz is making a shopping list.]

Lindsay: I'm making a list for the grocery. Butter, pie, old milk. Can you think of anything else?

Mel: Batteries.

Lindsay Huh?

Mel: After last night we need more of them. You were hot, honey.

Lindsay: Fruit, apples, bananas?

Mel: By the way, I talked to Dusty and she said that we can drop Gus off around 4:00, which gives us plenty of time to get ready and go to the opening. Do you want to go together or do you have to get there early?

Lindsay: Oh, I don't need to be there at all.

Mel: Oh, so you can be a guest, just like anyone else.

Lindsay: I mean I've decided not to go.

Mel: What are you talking about? It's your show, you put the whole thing together.

Lindsay: I know.

Mel: So wouldn't you want to -

Lindsay: I've spent enough time on it, okay? It's time I started being more attentive to you, to our family. Michael even had to go to Lamaze for me.

Mel: Hey, hey, hey. When I start feeling like I'm not getting enough attention, I'll let you know. Now, I want you to go and get some of the attention you deserve.

Lindsay: Well, maybe I'll stop by when it's over. See how it went. [They kiss.] Now, I'm up for the grocery.

[Liberty Diner. Emmett is surprised to find Ted poring over sports magazines in the diner.]

Emmett: Since when did Ted Schmidt, reigning opera queen of Pittsburgh, trade in Puccini for pigskin?

Ted: Since I told Brian I'd help him find a famous sports figure to model Brown Athletics' new underwear line.

Emmett: Mmmm...sounds hot! So which hunky jock did you select to drop trou and smile for the birdie?

Ted: I don't know who any of these guys are.

Emmett: Perhaps I can help you out.

Ted: You? Look, at least I know the difference between a football, a baseball and a basketball.

Emmett: ba*ls are ba*ls. What about him?

Ted: Who?

Emmett: Drew Boyd. Star quarterback for the Ironmen. 62% pass completions, threw two touchdown passes last game and ran for two? Led all quarterbacks in the league in rushing yards. I mean, if he keeps playing the way he's been, he's a cinch to lead his team to a conference championship, then to the Superbowl. [Ted just stares at him.] What?

Ted: How do you know all that?

Emmett: Life's full of surprises. He's also gorgeous. Look at that smile! And those broad shoulders, those burly, burly arms. And that rock-hard butt.

Ted: Alright, alright. You're drooling all over the magazine! He is hot. Too bad he's straight.

Emmett: A girl can always dream!

[And now we have Justin and Mikey's Excellent Adventure in Chinatown. At the herbalist's store, Michael approaches the old man behind the counter.]

Michael: Excuse me, we're looking for something to improve performance.

Man: You a singer? Dancer? Comedian!

Michael: No, not that kind of performance. (Whispers) Sexual performance.

Man: Eh?

Justin: Sexual performance!

Man: (Loudly) Sek-shul. Sek-shul? Sek-shul! (He calls over to woman)

Woman: Sek-shal! (they confer in Chinese)

Man: You not get hard. Come too fast?

Michael: No, it's not for me, it's for my friend.

Woman: Oh, that's what they all say, huh? Low chi. Exhausted chen meridian.

Man: You have the crown of fire in your gate of life. But no worry. We make you hard. Like rock!

Michael: I told you - it's for someone else!

Justin: It's for my boyfriend. He had to have a testicle removed and they gave him radiation.

Woman: Oh, cancer. Edema.

Man: Western medicine. k*ll you before it cure you. Too much water. Drown out his fire.

[They mix together a strange herbal concoction.]

Man: Make a tea. Very good sex!

Michael: (to Justin) See? I told you!

[The couple confer in Cantonese. We see the dialogue in subtitles.]

Man: Which one you think is the top?

Woman: They both look like major bottoms to me!

[Michael and Justin stand there smiling like a pair of idiots, unaware that they're being the topic of discussion.]

[Meanwhile, Brian has taken matters into his own hands (so to speak). He's in the steam room of the gym, with a towel covering the strategic places. A potential trick is

aggressively cruising him, but Brian doesn't look too interested. This is not a blase act; he's really not into it, but he allows the guy to start fondling him. He's not here for pleasure; he's here for medicinal purposes! Brian keeps looking down, checking the equipment to see if it's working. No luck. Brian pulls

away and leaves, a look of pained disgust on his face.]

[Drew and Emmett, they have no such problems. In yet another hotel room, Emmett and Drew have yet another post-coital chat.]

Drew: It's your turn.

Emmett: I'm in not hurry. Have I ever tell you how hot you look in your undies?

Drew: You and every women.

Emmett: How many man? It's a shame the rest of the world can't see.

Drew: See what?

Emmett: How gorgeous you are!

Drew: I know.

Emmett: I'm serious. You should display your manly charms.

Drew: Flash my c*ck in Playgirl?

Emmett: I was thinking more like - mmm, underwear ads?

Drew: (laughs) You're kidding.

Emmett: I have this friend who works for an ad agency? He says Brown Athletics is looking for a famous sports figure to be their new underwear model. And you are quite the figure.

Drew: I'm not posing in my shorts. Everyone will think I'm a h*m*.

Emmett: What everyone will think is, 'I wish I had a body like that and that someone would pay all that money to show it off!' C'mon, pose for me.

Drew: Here?

Emmett: Why not? I'll snap your picture. C'mon, show me what you got. Yeah, make love for the camera. That's the way make me suck your d*ck.

[Michael is getting a crash course in parenting annoying teenagers.]

Michael: Will you stop nagging me already? I'm not gonna pay $150 for a pair of jeans?

Hunter: Diesel is quality, man!

Michael: They're ripped full of holes! They're gonna be rags after two washings!

Hunter:Please, Dad? I mean, dude?

[The conversation is interrupted by Ben's arrival home.]

Michael: There you are! Hurry up and put down your books. We've gotta go to the mall.

Ben: If it's OK with you, I think I'll pass.

Michael: No, it's not OK. We had this planned.

Hunter: Trashy movie, greasy pizza, overpriced clothes! What more could a man ask for?

Ben: I got invited to a lecture. Edmund White.

Hunter: Who?

Ben: One of our greatest g*y writers.

Michael: Who invited you?

Ben: Anthony.

Michael: Anthony.

Ben: Look, this is important to me.

Michael: And this is important to Hunter!

Ben: It doesn't take two of us to buy him a pair of jeans.

Michael: That's not the point!

Hunter: Hey, hey! It's just the mall! In fact, how about you both not go and give me your credit card?

Michael: Thank you for the thoughtful suggestion, but I'm still going. (To Ben) I'm sorry you're not.

[Lindsay arrives at the gallery after the show is over]

Lindsay: I'm sorry Sidney, I'm late. But I couldn't be helped. Mel had to work late, my hands are full.

Sidney: So were mine. Excepting cheques, VISA or Mastercard.

Lindsay: Then it was a success?

Sidney: Awesome! It's too bad you've missed it.

Lindsay: Why you're goin' home? I'll close up.

Sidney: Don't forget to turn on the alarm.

[Sidney goes and she turns out the lights. One, two - she bumps into Sam.]

Lindsay: Oh my God! You scared me to death.

Sam: Good thing I came back from the can. You would've locked me in.

Lindsay: What are you doing here?

Sam: Well, I had an opening tonight, in case you forgot.

Lindsay: I didn't forget.

Sam: Well then, where the hell were you?

Lindsay: I had things to attend to!

Sam: Don't give me that sh*t! This is the most important night of your life!

Lindsay: Don't flatter yourself.

Sam: Your Aunt Minnie could have died and you wouldn't have missed it.

Lindsay: I don't have an Aunt Minnie.

Sam: Yeah? Well, I do. And believe me, if you knew her, that's all the more reason you would have been here. So why weren't you?

Lindsay: I already told you. Let me lock up so I can go home.

Sam: What's your rush? You just got here.

[He starts taking off her coat.]

Lindsay: What are you doing?

Sam: Responding to my senses. That's what an artist does.

Lindsay: Well, tell your senses to respond to this: Back off.

Sam: You sure?

Lindsay: Yes, I'm sure.

Sam: Well, I'm not. As a matter of fact, I think you've got a lot of contradictory feelings going on here.

Lindsay: Oh, is that so?

Sam: Yeah. From the minute I met you, you wanted me to f*ck you.

Lindsay: Why, you smug, arrogant - I want you to leave. Now!

Sam: Sure. But you ain't fooling me, lady. And more important, you ain't fooling yourself, either.

Lindsay: Don't you dare tell me how I feel! You have no idea how I feel! And it isn't true what you said!

Sam: Liar, liar!

Lindsay: I have no feelings for you. I mean, how could I? I'm a l*sbian.

[He grabs her and kisses her.]

Sam: That's how!

[She grabs him. They f*ck upside a painting.]

[Back at Anthony's apartment after the lecture, he and his little adjunct are sharing a bottle of wine.]

Anthony: He was amazing! And to think I never would have heard of him if it hadn't been for your class.

Ben: Oh, I'm sure you would have discovered his work eventually.

Anthony: I thought the part where he talked about how being positive changed his life was particularly powerful, didn't you?

[He tries to pour Ben more wine - Ben puts a hand up.]

Ben: Oh, I'd better not.

Anthony: Oh, c'mon. You've gotta help me finish the bottle.

Ben: You know what? It constantly impresses and amazes me how we're confronted with the worst of circumstances we as g*y men somehow manage to rise to the challenge.

Anthony: Like Edmund White. Like you.

[Now Anthony makes his move. He leans over and starts macking on Ben, who doesn't seem to hate it, but all in all, he'd probably rather be at the mall buying overpriced pants and eating greasy food.]

Ben: Anthony. If this is where all this has been leading, you've made a mistake.

Anthony: I don't think so.

Ben: I have a partner. We have a foster kid.

Anthony: I know. And I'm not asking for anything I can't have. All I want is this. From the moment I saw you, I've fantasized about you, admired you, wanted to be like you. That's why I want you to give me the gift.

Ben: What?

Anthony: I want you to be the one.

Ben: Anthony -

Anthony: Make me positive! Like you! It's gonna happen anyway. It's just a matter of time before it does.

Ben: Not if you're safe.

Anthony: Why be safe? All my friends who've converted say they feel liberated. Free. They don't have to worry about it anymore. It's over, done. And I want to be like them. Like you.

[He makes a move on Ben who gets up off the sofa.]

Ben: It's late, I have to get home.

[He gets his jacket and leaves.]

[Meanwhile, back at the loft, Justin brews Love Potion #9 for Brian.]

Justin: Here. Drink this.

Brian: Smells like yak sh*t.

Justin: Yeah, I wouldn't be surprised if that was in it, too. It's a magic potion from a Chinese herbalist.

Brian: Will it make me small?

Justin: I'm hoping that it will make you large. Very, very large.

[Brian drinks it down like a good boy.]

Brian: That is disgusting.

Justin: Who cares, long as it works.

[They kiss.]

Justin: Do you feel anything?

Brian: If you're expecting my glasses to steam up, I hate to disappoint you.

Justin: It's supposed to rekindle the fire in your life gate.

Brian: My life gate.

Justin: I know it sounds ludicrous, but if it works, who gives a sh*t?

Brian: Yeah, well, maybe it can stop me thinking about what's no longer there. And that in its place is this piece of plastic. Or from picturing them from sucking a bloody, disease-ridden ball out of me. Or from feeling so shitty from having them burn me to a crisp from their raygun that all I want to do is dig a hole and crawl in - only I'm too busy vomiting. Who knows? Maybe then I might even be able to get it up.

Justin: (comes up behind Brian and rubs his shoulders) There's gotta be something.

Brian: Well, whatever it is, it's not a cup of Lipton's.

[Lindsay, the Scarlet Woman, tiptoes stealthily into the bedroom, where Mel. Unsuspecting Melanie wakes up when Lindz creeps into bed.]

Mel: You're all wet. How was the opening?

Lindsay: It practically sold out.

Mel: That's great. Congratulations.

Lindsay: Thanks.

Mel: Now aren't you glad I made you go?
[Debbie is in church, talking to God.]

Debbie: As you know, I don't come here a lot. I figure you've got enough on your hands without hearing from me. But this is important. It's about my brother Vic - Vic Grassi? He's g*y which seems to bother some of the people you got working for you. But I say - considering what's been going on in your Church lately, they've got some helluva nerve judging others. I'm sure You have more love in Your heart than they do and that there's a special place in Heaven just for Vic. But keep an eye on him? Just in case. One more thing. Brian Kinney. No doubt You've heard of him. He wouldn't like me telling You this but - the biggest organ he's got is his heart. So please, God. Make him well. Please. I guess that's about it. Thanks for listening. Amen.

[She stuffs some money in the box and starts to leave. On the way out, she runs into a familiar face: Joan Kinney, coming in for her daily dose of hellfire and brimstone.]

Debbie: Joan? It's Debbie. Debbie Novotny?

Joan: Hello, Debbie. I'm surprised to see you here.

Debbie: As I was just saying, I don't stop by too often, but when the going gets tough, I still haul my a*s back here like a good little Catholic girl.

Joan: Well, that's the blessing of suffering. It brings us closer to God.

Debbie: Well, that's one way of looking at it. Another way is to say to Him, "Could you cut it out already?"

Joan: I heard about your brother's passing. Please accept my condolences.

Debbie: Thank you.

Joan: I remember when I lost my sister. I felt like I had lost my best friend, my confidante, my witness.

Debbie: That about sums it up.

Joan: Well, at least we have our children. That's some comfort. Provided they're talking to us. Well. God bless.

Debbie: Joan - when's the last time you spoke to Brian?

Joan: It's been awhile.

Debbie: Well - you might want to give him a call.

Joan: I doubt he has anything to say to me.

Debbie: Well, there might be something you want to say to him.

[Ted and Emmett. They're at Ted's place. Ted checks a message on his cellphone.]

Ted: I got him!

Emmett: Got who?

Ted: Drew Boyd has agreed to be the new underwear model for Brown Athletics.

Emmett: That's wonderful, Teddy!

Ted: It's beyond wonderful. It's incredible, it's astonishing, it's - unbelievable!

Emmett: It's not that unbelievable. After all, they are paying him $1 million.

Ted: How do you know that?

Emmett: Well, they are, aren't they?

Ted: Yeah, but -

Emmett: So why are you so amazed?

Ted: Never mind.

Emmett: You know, I absolutely hate when you do that.

Ted: Do what?

Emmett: Start to say something and then say, "never mind!" Then I have to spend the next ten minutes begging you to tell me what it is.

Ted: I never knew it irritated you so much, why didn't you tell me?

Emmett: Well, what good would it do? You'd just get hurt and sulk.

Ted: (sulking) I would not sulk.

Emmett: And then I'd have to spend the next ten minutes convincing you that I love you and begging you to forgive me, which you finally would, so will you please just tell me what the f*ck it is so we don't have to go through the entire song and dance?

Ted: I forgot what it is I wasn't gonna tell you.

Emmett: You weren't gonna tell me why it is so unbelievable that Drewsie - uh, Drew Boyd - said yes.

Ted: Right. Because I was sure that he would say no, that he would turn me down flat, and then I'd have to face Brian's wrath for being a wretched failure.

Emmett: But that's not what happened. He said yes.

Ted: And it's all because of you.

Emmett: Me?

Ted: Well, you're the one who suggested him, aren't you?

Emmett: Oh, yeah, suppose I did.

Ted: Although I must have been pretty damn impressive to convince a big-time jock like Drew Boyd to stand around in his shorts!

[And now a little closure for Ben and Anthony, when Ben checks out some books at the library.]

Anthony: I'm sorry about last night, Ben. I didn't mean to put you in an awkward situation.

Ben: It wasn't so much awkward as it was upsetting to learn that what you really wanted was for me to give you - "the gift."

Anthony: You were - and still are - my inspiration.

Ben: Then listen to me. You have no idea what it's really like to be positive. No book, no lecture could ever describe that so please believe me when I tell you that you don't want it. You don't. It's not what you think.

Anthony: Thanks for trying to talk me out of it, but it's too late. See, I went to a party last night.

Ben: What kind of party?

Anthony: It's called a conversion party. I had unprotected sex with a dozen or so guys. It's not the way I would have preferred it. Hopefully it worked.

Ben: Anthony, for God's sake!

Anthony: They said I should know in a couple of weeks. The same time these books are due back.

[Looks like Joanie decided to take Debbie's advice. Brian is giving her a tour of Kinnetik.]

Joan: Your new office is very impressive. And I like the name, Kinnetik with two n's. It's very clever. I'm glad to see you're doing so well.

Brian: Well, that makes two of us.

Joan: I saw that Debbie Novotny in church this morning.

Brian: What the hell was she doing there?

Joan: What most people do. Pray. She's quite a character.

Brian: Yeah, well, I'll drink to that.

Joan: I don't know how her poor son ever survived.

Brian: Maybe because she loved him.

Joan: And I love you. You may not believe that but it's true. That's why it hurts so much that I had to hear it from her and not from you. Why didn't you tell me?

Brian: The reason being?

Joan: So I could help you!

Brian: Well, I'm a big boy, Mom. I can dress myself.

Joan: I meant pray for you. Help you to see God's plan.

Brian: (with irony) God has a plan.

Joan: He spared you for a reason. Do you know why?

Brian: To torment you! I mean, no martyr was ever sainted without going through a shitload of pain and suffering. Well, Saint Joan, say hello to your shitload.

Joan: Brian. Whatever anger, whatever hatred you have for me, you're still my son. And that's why I'm trying to save you from the eternal fire. Every time you engage in behavior that the Bible says is an abomination, you're adding another eternity to your sentence.

Brian: Yeah, well, I wish I was engaging in it.

Joan: It brings tears to Jesus' eyes knowing that you've sinned. But only you can save yourself from God's punishment.

Brian: You think God gave me cancer to punish me?

Joan: It's not too late. You can still change. I know you can.

Brian: I can?

Joan: It won't be easy. You'll have to fight temptation. You'll have to be strong, harden yourself.

Brian: I want to be hard, Mom. You have no idea how much I want to be hard! Oh Lord, make me hard, so that I can f*ck every hot guy I see! That's why God gave me a second chance, Mom! So that I can use the one ball I have left!

Joan: Shame! Shame on you!

[She flees in horror. Brian follows her out of his office, into the main office area and yells after her.]

Brian: If I have to spend an eternity of eternities burning in Hell, it's better than spending one good day in Heaven with you!

[Brian goes back into his office, then he suddenly realizes - he's got a hard-on.]

Brian: [looks above] Thank you!

[Emmett and Drew in bed, in a motel room.]

Emmett: So in this dream there is this gigantic billboard of you, Time Square like 40 story of building in your underwear.

Drew: Haven't I said I do a great posture?

Emmett: Anyway, you know I have this eccentricity about size. And your crotch goes from the sixteenth to twenty-third floor. The amazing this is the billboard comes to live. So I leave out under your shorts, pull them down and you have the humongest b*ner that exstance halfway across Time Square. So I claim out onto to give you a blowjob and when I hang out, doin' my thing and suck'n you. You huge and it's like an exploding jizz and I ride it and land safely in front of the Theater.

Drew: You a very weird guy.

Emmett: You know what that means? On one thing you're bigger than a life person.

Drew: Good.

Emmett: And I guess, I'm afraid that once the rest of the world sees you, I'll be just another face in the crowd.

[Drew kisses him.]

Emmett: What'd you do that for?

Drew: Cause I wanted to.

[Brian in a black wifebeater - prowling Babylon, looking for - Justin! He picks up Justin and whirls him around.]

Brian: Hey.

Justin: What's up?

Broan: Funny you should ask! (Turns around, arms raised) Is that not a thing of beauty?

Justin: And a joy forever!

[And ever, amen. They head for the backroom to celebrate.]

Justin: So that happy time tea actually worked?

Brian: Mmm...Unlikely.

Justin: Then whence the woody?

Brian: Let's just say that God gave me a second chance. I don't wanna blow it, but you feel free to.

[And Justin assumes the familiar position.]

[Michael is reading a manuscript while Ben waits for the verdict.]

Ben: Well?

Michael: You sure you want my opinion after the last time?

Ben: I wouldn't have asked you to read it if I didn't.

Michael: OK. My honest opinion is... It's brilliant. I mean it. At first I was shocked and even disgusted that anyone would even want to be positive, but somehow by the end, I really felt sorry for the guy. That he could be that lost. And alone. It takes a pretty amazing writer to be able to pull that off.

[They hug and kiss.]

Ben: So how was the trip to the mall?

Michael: I splurged, I bought Hunter his jeans.

Ben: Ohhh...

Michael: And he got us something. A CD.

Ben: Not some rap crap.

Michael: Now, now, dear, mustn't criticize the younger generation's music.

[Michael puts on the CD and they begin dancing.]

Ben: [hear the first beats and laughs] Oh, Michael... Not bad.

[Music: Reo Speedwagon #Can't fight this feeling. A romantic love song.]

Reo Speedwagon

Can't fight this feeling

I can't fight this feeling any longer.

And yet I'm still afraid to let it flow.

What started out as friendship,

Has grown stronger.

I only wish I had the strength to let it show.

I tell myself that I can't hold out forever.

Michael: You know what part of your story I like best?

Ben: What?

Michael: The part where the gift giver decides not to sleep with the bug chaser and comes back to his partner.

[Cut to black screen.]

And even as I wander,

I'm keeping you in sight.

You're a candle in the window,

On a cold, dark winter's night.

And I'm getting closer than I ever thought I might.

And I can't fight this feeling anymore.

I've forgotten what I started fighting for.

It's time to bring this ship into the shore,

And throw away the oars, forever.

Cause I can't fight this feeling anymore.

I've forgotten what I started fighting for.

And if I have to crawl upon the floor,

Come crushing through your door,

Baby, I can't fight this feeling anymore.

My life has been such a whirlwind since I saw you.

I've been running round in circles in my mind.

And it always seems that I'm following you, girl,

Cause you take me to the places,

That I'd known I'd never find.

And even as I wander,

I'm keeping you in sight.

You're a candle in the window,

On a cold, dark winter's night.

And I'm getting closer than I ever thought I might.

And I can't fight this feeling anymore.

I've forgotten what I started fighting for. #

END OF EPISODE

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